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THEREABOUTS.

FRANK PRESBREY.

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# INDIA AND THEREABOUTS

Frank  
Presbrey

**M**AN is a nomad. In his natural state, before he was hampered by the conventionalities of society, or the demands of trade and commerce, he wandered aimlessly from hither to yon. Where his tepee

or skin-covered hovel was pitched, there was his home. The modern man inherits the instincts of his aboriginal forefathers and wanders from his native heath as far as his purse strings will allow and whenever the opportunities offer. This spirit of exploration, this ever-strong instinct of the human race to penetrate into unknown countries, and sail trackless seas, led the Egyptians three thousand years before Christ to build vessels, the prows of which they decorated with carved images of goddesses, whose smiles were sought upon their explorations. It led the Norsemen across the great Atlantic, and was the ruling inspiration of Columbus, as it has been that of all the explorers down to the days of Livingston, Greeley and Peary. It has peopled continents and made the deserts bloom, created commerce and girdled the world with lines of ship and rail. It has made all men brothers, and has wiped out the intellectual boundaries of the universe.

There is, perhaps, no nation in which this inborn instinct to travel is stronger than in the American. Go where you will, you find the country webbed with railroads, and the stations and trains filled with an ever-restless throng. Stand upon the piers and see the ocean steamers leave, their decks crowded with tourists, and the wharves with people who secretly stifle the wish that they too were going, as they bid the happy travellers *bon voyage*. The spirit of travel is universal. Northerners go South for the winter and Southerners come to the mountains and seashores of the North for the summer.



Eastern people spend vacation days in the West and Westerners come East. Families migrate in summer as regularly as the birds start south at the first motion of Jack Frost's magic wand. Scientists tell us there is life in motion of inanimate nature; and so, too, there must be intellectual and physical life and health in the ever swinging pendulum of a moving humanity.

Americans have discovered within recent years that there are some provinces by the sea, located as the mariners would say nor' nor' east of us, which for wholesome climate and varied sights offer a greater wealth of attractions during summer days than is possessed by any other nearby region. Geographers have given to them the name of the Maritime Provinces, and they embrace Nova Scotia, with outlying Cape Breton Island, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. This modern discovery has turned a great tide of tour-



"Shaping her course down the harbor whose shores are dotted with historical points."

in the fleetest, safest and most luxurious ocean steamships, and at an expense so trifling that the trip is within reach of those in the most moderate circumstances.

The interest of the journey to the Maritime Provinces begins the moment the steamer takes on life and the screws start their revolutions at the Boston wharf. Slowly the great ship, a veritable floating palace, draws away from her pier. The gay crowds on deck, full of delightful anticipations of the trip, wave adieu to the friends who have thronged the wharf to see them off; and then, as the vessel shapes her course and turns her prow seaward, those on deck gather in little groups to enjoy the varied scenery of Boston's beautiful harbor. While the city, with the gilded dome of the State House and scores



"The fleets of pleasure yachts which fly across the waves like a flock of white-winged birds."

ist travel toward their shores, for each returning traveller has told with ardent enthusiasm of the charming climate, the novel sights and scenes, the foreign atmosphere and quaint customs, the hospitality of the people; and lastly, but by no means the least important fact, that the country is but one night away from Boston, and the journey may be made

of spires and well-known land marks sink slowly into the horizon, Castle Island, Fort Warren, Fort Independence and other points freighted with Revolutionary memories in the harbor are passed in rapid succession, and over to the left a panoramic view is had of the busy city of Lynn, Revere Beach, Swampscott, Deer Island, Winthrop and fashionable Nahant, with its charming summer homes by the sea.

Pemberton and Nantasket, the Manhattan Beach and great pleasure resorts of Boston, are to be seen to the right as the stately ship carefully makes her way down the channel through



The ever-present military in Halifax."



the fleet of pleasure yachts and fishing sloops, square rigged ships and tramps of the sea; and then, as the pilot shapes his course out between the Boston and twin lights, standing like sentinels at either side of the deep sea gateway of Boston harbor, the horizon widens, the broad Atlantic unrolls majestically before you and its tempered breezes sweep across the decks, bringing roses to faded cheeks and strength and vitality to the weary.

A journey by sea is of itself a delight; for there is attached to the very life aboard ship, a charm and novelty. It is refreshing always in its absolute freedom from the noise, turmoil and dust of travel by rail, no matter how much luxury may surround the latter,

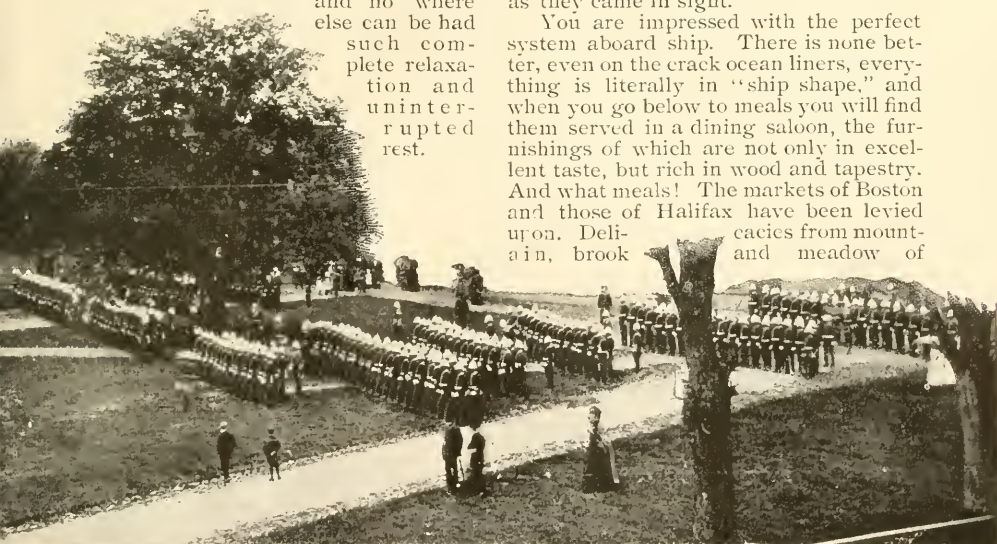
and no where else can be had such complete relaxation and uninterrupted rest.

again it is a school of graceful porpoises giving your vessel a race for a half mile or so and then disappearing as suddenly as they came in sight.

You are impressed with the perfect system aboard ship. There is none better, even on the crack ocean liners, everything is literally in "ship shape," and when you go below to meals you will find them served in a dining saloon, the furnishings of which are not only in excellent taste, but rich in wood and tapestry. And what meals! The markets of Boston and those of Halifax have been levied upon. Delicacies from mountain and meadow of



"The wharves and warehouses of the Plant Line are all painted in the company's colors, and are the finest in Halifax."



"Some of the crack English regiments are always stationed at Halifax, which is the strongest fortified British stronghold on the American continent"

You make friends of your companions of the voyage. By common consent the ship's company becomes one great family for the time being. You saunter about the decks, and nap in easy chairs; you forget the busy work-a-day world you have left behind you and interest yourself in the incidents of the hour. Now it is a whale spouting over to the left;

Nova Scotia, served with toothsome meats from the Western prairies and the specialties of New England, furnish a menu the like of which no king or prince of Europe can boast.

You forget time except as you may hear the half-hours struck on the ship's bell forward. The day is gone before you realize it, and you watch the king of the heavens as he slowly relinquishes his sceptre to the stars and sinks majestically





"The Public Gardens in Halifax are a source of great pride to the citizens, and are beautifully laid out and maintained."



below the watery horizon. And then the twilight, that loveliest of all times at sea, follows, and night and darkness close in and a hush comes over everything. You hear naught but the hum of happy conversation about you and the indistinct throbblings of the great engines far below you which are driving the ship with mighty energy along her course. You retire and say "good night" to America and awaken after a glorious rest to say "good morning" to Nova Scotia, for when you go up on deck you see over on the port side the shores of this fair land, with here and there a light house, and a

village gleaming white in the early morning's sun, with fleets of fishing boats lying at anchor or making sail in the cliff-sheltered harbors. And then you realize that you are in sight of foreign shores, and have been but one night out from Boston, that you have crossed the corner of the broad Atlantic and are at the threshold of one of most charmingly interesting regions on the continent.

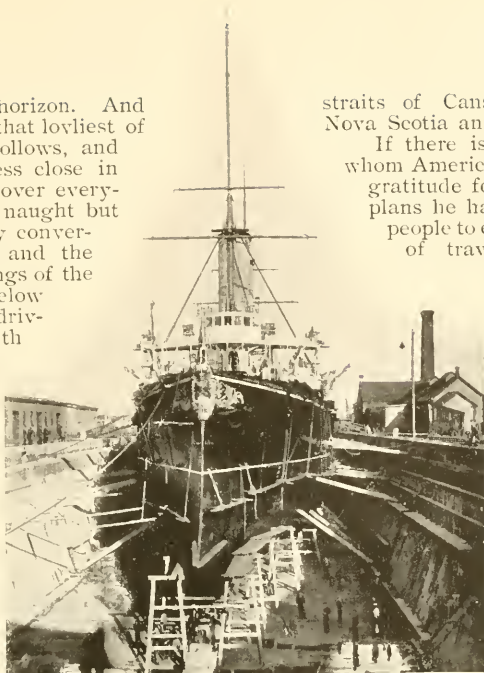
That you have been able to do this; that this great vacation land of North America is now so easy of access, is due to the sagacity, foresight and enterprise of the Canada-Atlantic and Plant Steamship Line, universally known as the Plant Line, whose superb fleet embraces the "Grand Duchess," the "Halifax" and "Olivette." Two round trips a week are made between Boston and Halifax and one, a longer one, between Boston and Charlottetown, the capital and chief city of Prince Edward Island, by way of Hawkesbury and the

straits of Canso, which divide Nova Scotia and Cape Breton.

If there is any one man to whom Americans owe a debt of gratitude for the magnificent plans he has made to enable people to enjoy the pleasures of travel, that man is

Henry B. Plant, president of the great and comprehensive Plant system of railroads and steamship lines. He has not only made a paradise out of western Florida, but has erected at Tampa Bay, at an expense of more than \$2,000,000, the most magnificently planned and luxuriously furnished resort palace in America, and has made it possible

by his railroad service for the traveller to reach there quickly and in great comfort from the chief cities North and West. He has made Winter Park, in the lake regions of Florida, an ideal resort, and provided in the Seminole a hotel at which the traveller from the North may find all the joys and pleasures of a semi-tropical existence. He has reached further south, and the steamers of his line, the favorite, "Mascotte" and other steamships, ply regularly all the year between Tampa Bay and Havana, Cuba, forming a popular tourist route,



"In the great dry dock at Halifax there is almost always a British man-of-war being overhauled."



"The harbor reverberates with the heavy salutes from the ships of the naval squadron which has its rendezvous at Halifax."

and offering a delightful winter's excursion to the tropics at small expense. From Tampa Bay, where he has built, right over the water, a good half mile



"The lighthouse which has guided many a craft to the entrance of this noble harbor."

from the shore proper, the quaint Tampa Bay Inn, steamers also make regularly appointed tours to Jamaica, affording a chance to many travellers to spend a week or so on this gem of the Antilles.

While all this great development has been pushed vigorously in the South by Mr. Plant, he has at the same time been improving his lines between the United States and the Maritime Provinces. He was one of the first to foresee what has since been so abundantly proven, that Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island were the most desirable, summering spots within easy access for Americans, and that they would, as they have now become, the favorite and chosen regions for health as well as pleasure seekers. The policy of the entire Plant System reflects the generous, broad-minded spirit of its creator. It is not to see just how little can be done for its patrons to keep them from complaining, but rather to do all for them, and give them every convenience and luxury that good executive management considers the business will stand.

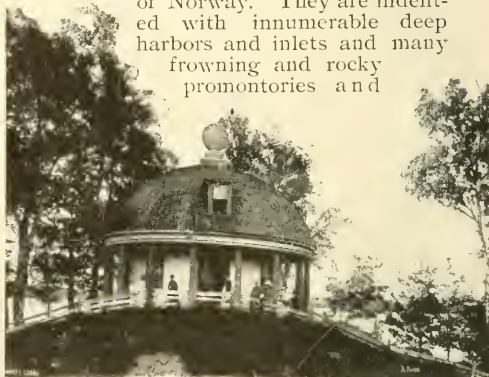


"The majestic Sebastopol monument is one of the many interesting objects."

Thus it has become an axiom among travelers that one is always certain of finding the very best of accommodations upon the steamships of this line. Your ship is sure to be staunch, fast, well-equipped and well-

manned, if it flies the Plant Line pennant at the foremast. Your stateroom will be large, well-ventilated and your bed and linen immaculate. You will find the officers courteous and obliging, and what is of more importance, thorough seamen of long training, for there is not a captain on the line, or any officer of the higher grades, who has not gained his nautical knowledge by many years of practical experience.

The shores of Nova Scotia which are in view from the decks of the Plant Line steamers some hours before reaching Halifax have been likened to those of Norway. They are indented with innumerable deep harbors and inlets and many frowning and rocky promontories and



"The only building now remaining of those upon the Duke of Kent's estate is the band house."

sea-swept ledges. Along toward noon, on the day after leaving Boston, Chebucto Head Light and the Devil's Island Light, which stand as sentinels at the entrance of Halifax harbor, are sighted. A half hour's run and the ship has crossed the line between them and is plowing her way up the harbor. Meantime the flag of the Plant Line has been hoisted upon the citadel, for this is always done as soon as one of these ships are sighted. In the distance may be caught a shadowy glimpse of the city, while along the shores are little coves, where hardy fishermen dwell, whose crafts fly out to sea in the early morning on the wings of the wind, and return at nightfall like a great flock of tired birds. Martello tower of historic fame, and now a light-house on Macnab's Island (which although the picnic grounds of the city is heavily fortified) is pointed out, and a moment afterward George's Island, a quiet, harmless looking bit of land dropped in mid harbor. But the tourist is told that this innocent bit of land is honeycombed far below the water line, and its hidden batteries of powerful



"Halifax is a busy, prosperous city, substantially built, and of characteristics decidedly foreign."





"The Post Office at Halifax is English in its architecture and typical of all the business buildings of the city."

modern guns, and connecting submarine torpedo mines would give the greatest man-of-war as much to think about as the man had who knocked down the hornet's nest. These fortifications with the impregnable York Redoubt on the western shore, the heavy masked batteries in Point Pleasant Park on the tip of the peninsula, and those off the harbor mouth, to say nothing of a score or more of less importance, all modernly equipped and thoroughly manned, would make the approach to Halifax of a hostile war vessel an exceedingly interesting occasion. If the ship should show no disposition to withdraw, half the water in the harbor, and the ship with it, could be thrown into the air by the explosion of the electrically



"Carrying home with them at night an evidence of the day's success"

connected chain of torpedo mines quietly slumbering in these piping times of peace in their submarine berths.

Beyond George's Island the citadel-crowned city and wharves with their forest of masts come into full view. A few moments more and the great ship is warped into her slip, the gang plank lowered, hurried good-byes are said to newly-made friends, and the voyager is at his hotel, scarcely more than twenty-four hours after leaving Boston.

Nova Scotia is a land girt round about by the sea. No spot within its confines is more than thirty miles from salt water. Its summer climate is as soft as that of southern Italy in May. Its sky rivals that of the Riviera in the intensity of color tones. Its air is vitalizing, exhilarative and recuperative.

It is a country in which nature has been so lavish in her charms that art is scarcely missed at all. A region where



"The people of Halifax are devoted to aquatic sports in summer time."

each little hamlet, whether by sea or far back in the rugged interior, has its individual charms of quaint novelty, and where days or weeks may be idled away in healthful rest.

One of the tenderest of poets has cast over the region "the consecration and purple light of his imaginings." Perhaps the hills will not be quite so softened in their lines; perhaps the mellow atmosphere may be less seductive, but if we lose the charms and fascinations of the ideal, if the fair dreams of our imagination are scattered in the awakening, we find in the reality of the present a full content, and need not fear the crucial test of personal acquaintance.

One of the great all-pervading charms of Nova Scotia is its health and wholesomeness. The people show it, and their manners bespeak it. The children you see are ruddy-faced and clumsy-limbed, the young men and maidens pictures of robust health. Malaria is a stranger,





whose grim visage would be as unexpected as that of yellow fever in Maine. Hay fever is unknown, and the soft summer breezes wafted from which way they may be, bring the ozone and the inspiration of the sea, and temper the rays of the summer's sun.

A noticeable peculiarity of the Provinces which strikes the man from "the States," is to be told that his train leaves at 10:26, for all railroad trains are run on the twenty-four hour system. From midnight until noon the clocks and the time tables behave themselves in a manner well known to us all, but from

"The drive along the harbor side at Halifax leads to the Public Gardens in which is the historic Martello Tower."

to the new comer until he becomes so familiar with the system that he can instantly recognize 23 o'clock as his old friend 11 p. m.

The United States money is taken everywhere in the Provinces, an American quarter passing current for a shilling. Almost every one has heard the *bon mot* accredited to ex-Senator Evarts, upon being told at Mt. Vernon that Washington was such a powerful man that he could throw a silver dollar almost across the Potomac. "Oh, yes," responded Evarts, "but you know a dollar would go farther in those days than now." It is a fact, however, that the dollar of the tourist will go farther in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island than anywhere else on the American continent. Board at hotels runs from 75 cents and a dollar a day in the country to \$3, the highest charged anywhere, and this only at a very few hotels in the Provinces. A dollar and a half a day for transients is the average price at hotels, and board by the week varies from \$3 to \$10. At farm houses good board can be had almost anywhere at from \$1.50 to \$5 per week.



"The Micmac Indians offer for sale at the city market an attractive stock of baskets."

noon until midnight they continue on from 12 to 24, instead of beginning with one again. This obviates the use of a. m. and p. m., but is distressingly confusing

Nova Scotia came within fifteen miles of being an island, for it is connected with New Brunswick by a narrow strip of land between Northumberland Straits and the Bay of Fundy, scarcely more than a dozen miles wide.

Geographers tell us that it is 285 miles long by from 50 to 100 miles broad, but in this small area is crowded a wealth and variety of natural attractions, which few regions of similar area on the continent can match. It has been so cut into by the sea that its coast line measures more than a thousand miles, and is broken by a myriad of beautiful bays and natural harbors. Within the interior there are more than four hundred lakes, the largest and most famous being the Bras d'Or in Cape Breton. It is the Loch Lomond of North America, a gem of nature, so beautiful and so picturesque that it challenges the admiration of even the greatest travellers.

Those who have spent a vacation time with our neighbors to the Northeast, know them to be a most hospitable, warm-hearted and wholesome people, without affectation or greed. The nervous activity, the ceaseless hurry and bustle of the United States have no place with them. Their characteristics are more like those which mark the Englishman at home. Genial, hospitable and generous, they make the stranger welcome within their gates. Ask a New Yorker on his native streets to direct you to a sought for place, and you will get a quick incisive answer. Ask a man in



"The ruins of the old French Fort at Annapolis are well preserved."

Halifax, and ten to one he will go with you, even if out of his way to make plain his willingly and politely given directions. In several dis-

tricts and smaller towns throughout all of Nova Scotia this spirit is still more noticeable. The doors are always open to the stranger, literally, as well as figuratively, for locks have little if any place in builders' hardware, and if put on a door at all, are there more from custom than for use.

Such a thing as a burglary would, it is safe to say, be considered a most unusual occurrence, for crime does not seem to thrive well in this climate. A writer, commenting on this subject, spoke of having recently visited the jail in Halifax, and states that there was just one prisoner confined there. And this in a city of 45,000 inhabitants.

Those who wish definite information as to the length of their tour may put down Halifax as being 378 miles from Boston, 340 miles from Portland and 542 miles from New York by sea. But this is, as children say, cutting the corner, for if one goes by rail it is 618 miles from Portland, 720 from Boston and 939 from New York.

One would as soon think of going to England and not visiting London, as of going to Nova Scotia and not making Halifax



"The historical willows at Grand Pre, the home of Evangeline, may be seen from the train."





"There still remain occasional relics of the wars between the British and French."

the central point of his tour. It is the commercial, social and tourist center of the Provinces. It is the port easiest reached from the United States, and the most convenient place from which to start on your inland tour. The railroads of Nova Scotia may touch and stop at other places, but they all begin at Halifax.

Halifax may be justly termed the

British stronghold of North America. It is not only the headquarters of a larger number of British troops than are quartered at any other place in North America, but it is the principal naval station and rendezvous of the British North Atlantic and West Indies squadrons. Halifax is English in architecture, manners



"Picking up a dozen pheasants in an afternoon."

and customs; and the visitor will have no opportunity to forget for any ten minutes at a time that he is practically as far away from "the States" and their customs and mannerisms as if he was in Southampton or Liverpool. The presence of the army and navy officers adds an interesting feature to its social life. That it is distinctly brilliant is not to be wondered at when one realizes that it is the seat of the Provincial parliament, has a university and fine cathedral, a governor, lieutenant governor, a commander-in-chief of the army, an admiral of the navy, an archbishop and bishop as residents. It is the London and Paris of the Maritime Provinces; the commercial center, and the dominating financial city of the English-American colonies. The city stands on a succession of hills, occupying a peninsula four and one-half miles long, with a breadth varying from a half to two or

more miles, and crowning its highest hill is the great citadel, of which so much has, and so much will in future, be written. Halifax is ten miles back from the ocean proper, its harbor and location being not unlike that of New York. On one side it is bounded by the Northwest Arm and a wide stretch of isolated water, and on the other by the harbor, which is accessible at all seasons, and is sufficiently large to permit the entire English navy to manoeuvre upon its waters with ease.

The citadel occupies the broad summit of a central hill, two hundred and fifty feet above the harbor level. It acts as a stern and watchful sentinel, keeping unceasing guard over its peaceful charge. Great cannon poke their noses out threateningly from under its casements, and absolutely control the approach to the city from any direction. The Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, who was in his time commander of the forces at Halifax, built the original fortress.



"It is a fair land about Grand Pre."



"Twice every twenty-four hours the tide leaves the ships high and dry."

utilizing the labor of the army of Maroons who had been conquered by the British, banished from Jamaica and subsequently deported to Sierra Leone. It is surrounded by a deep moat and the huge stone walls and embankments look as if they would be absolutely impregnable to any attack. Within these walls are the bomb-proof barracks. The view is more extended from the citadel than from any other spot near Halifax.



"Where Indians camp."

You may overlook the entire city with its magnificent harbor teeming with shipping. You can plainly see Dartmouth on the opposite side, the wide-spread Bedford Basin, or inner harbor, flecked with the graceful sails of pleasure craft. Fort Clarence, below Dartmouth, with its sombre casements, is in full view, as are Macnabs and Georges Islands, the famous York Redoubt, the outer harbor with its

fortified points and far over toward the horizon the blue Atlantic.

Outside of the citadel and adjoining it upon the city's streets are many barracks for officers and married men, the military hospital, which cost over half a million dollars, and the garrison chapel, where the staff and troops attend service in full uniform, accompanied by the citadel band. To the west of the fortress stretches the common, a wide expanse of velvety lawns covering many acres, upon which the great regimental parades and sham battles, always such interesting spectacles to visitors, take place.

Halifax has been called the Gibraltar of North America, and while it bears no resemblance from a topographical standpoint to that "gateway of the continents" on the opposite side of the Atlantic, it would almost as stubbornly refuse capture. But aside from its military and naval features Halifax has many points worthy the visitor's consideration. Several of her churches, of which there are more than forty, are historical, and will repay a visit. St. Paul's, begun in 1750 and enlarged in 1812, is rich in mural tablets, and many of Nova Scotia's famous men sleep the long sleep under the shelter of its protecting walls. It is said the frame of this church was brought from Massachusetts in 1740, and it has had but five rectors in the century and a half since then. The "Little Dutch Church," built in 1755, and whose original size and architecture have never been altered, is still in good repair, and the seeker after quaint epitaphs can find many curious ones in the moss grown old cemetery surrounding it.

The official buildings of the Province are architecturally striking, and bespeak solidity. The Dominion Building, the corner-stone of which was laid in 1811, was up to 1830 the finest structure on the North American continent. It is still the admiration of architects and its great halls are beautiful in decoration and imposing in size. Within this building are located the Customs and Post-Office departments, and Provincial Museum. The new City Hall and the Government House, occupied by the Governor, are imposing and conspicuous official buildings.

Dalhousie College, a handsome and pretentious modern structure, richly endowed and well equipped, is the most prominent of the educational institutions of Halifax.

The visitor whose time will permit should surely visit the great dry dock and the naval yard. Both are instructive, particularly the former which is



"Its rocky coast has stood the poundings of the surf since the world was young."



one of the largest in the world, being of solid granite and concrete, 613 feet long, 102 feet wide at the top and 70 feet at the bottom. It is rarely unoccupied, and there is almost always some mighty ship of war braced up within it receiving an overhauling.

Aside from her military and naval features Halifax is most proud of her public gardens, and the park at Point Pleasant. And well she may be, for no other city of her population on this side of the Atlantic can boast of handsomer attractions. The gardens, containing fourteen acres, are admitted to be as beautiful as any in America. They are a gem in emerald, and one may wander about their well-kept walks, lounge under the graceful arbors, linger at the side of the crystal fountains or mirror-like ponds, feast his eyes on the graceful marble statuary, drink in

sit on the edge of the bluff at the ocean



side and watch the mighty Atlantic roll into the broad mouth of Chebucto Bay, the surf pounding upon the beach far below you, as if impetuous at being stopped in its watery race. You may sit for hours breathing the delicious combination of the perfumes of the resinous pines and that of the sea, and gaze upon the ceaseless coming and going of ocean craft. Over back from the sea, in the heart of the park, you may visit the legend-enshrined Martello Tower, a memorial of days when "rough-handed marauders hung about the shores, and skulking Indians peered out from the surrounding greenery."

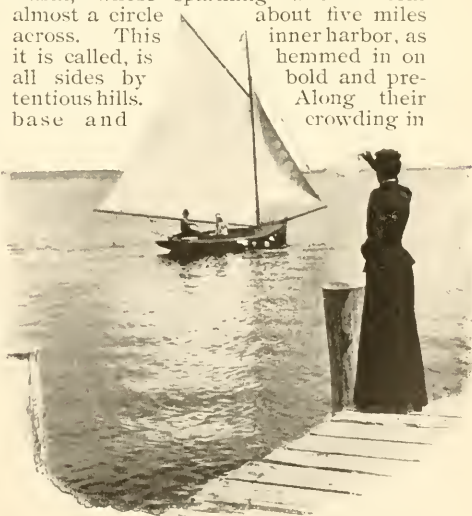
"Rocky fortresses of nature's fashioning."

The visitor at Halifax can spend several days delightfully in driving or bicycling about the suburbs. Among the popular roads is that along the shores of the ever-attractive Bedford Basin, whose sparkling waters form almost a circle across. This it is called, is all sides by tentious hills. base and

about five miles inner harbor, as hemmed in on bold and pre-Along their crowding in

"The waters of the sea creep far inland through grassy meadows, and add a pleasure and variety to the landscape."

the intoxicating fragrance of the flowers, and forget for the nonce that there is anything but the beautiful and poetic in this world of ours. Here on Saturday afternoons during the summer will be found a gathering of the representative people of Halifax, listening to the sweet music of one of the military bands. The park at Point Pleasant, with its many miles of woodland, driving roads and bridle paths, twisting and twining with serpentine graces in and out through forests of spruce and pine, is one of the most charming spots on the continent. It seems to the visitor as if nature had conspired to crowd into this "neck o' woods" a lavish assortment of her brightest jewels; as if she had reserved it for a store house of her most fascinating combinations of trees and wild flowers, rocks and beach. In this natural park you may lose yourself in the heart of the primeval forest, or you may



"Sailing is a popular pastime at Halifax."

many places closely between the bluffs and the murmuring waves of the Basin, and at others following the outer lines of some picturesque inlet, is one of the finest roads in Nova Scotia. To bicyclists it affords a glorious opportunity for a spin along the very edge of the water, across which come the softest and most invigorating of sea-tempered breezes. This road leads to what is known as "The Dingle," three miles from town and near Dutch Village, a spot of fairy loveliness. To quote from Prof. C. D. G. Roberts: "Beyond 'The Dingle,' on the Margaret's Bay Road, is the famous 'Rocking Stone,' a mass of granite, 160 tons in weight, so nicely poised on a base of some twelve by six



"There are large lumber interests at Bridgewater on the picturesque La Have river."

between the places. The town has some 6,000 inhabitants, a sugar refinery, a marine railway, a rope-walk, a skate factory, and—by no means least imposing feature—the great grim pile of Mount Hope Lunatic Asylum.

Back of Dartmouth, to the north, lies the beautiful chain of the Dartmouth Lakes, a famous resort of skaters, when the ice has set firmly. From these lakes runs the old Shubenacadie Canal, connecting the waters of the Atlantic with those of Minas Basin and Fundy, by way of the Shubenacadie River. Four miles north of Dartmouth are the Montague gold mines, well worth a visit. Along the coast south-eastward, a distance of seven miles, is Cow Bay, a summer resort famous for its noble beach and splendid surf. The whole country around Halifax and Dartmouth is a network of lakes and streams, including some of the best fishing

waters of the Province; and there is excellent cock, partridge, plover and duck shooting within easy reach."

Halifax, while one of the most sedate cities on the surface, is in reality one in which the spirit of honest sport and wholesome pleasure holds full sway. It has two fine social clubs, the Halifax and the City, whose memberships are made up of representative citizens. Its Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Club occupies a handsome and modern building of its own on the harbor side at



"La Have river has frequently been referred to by writers as the Rhine of North America."

inches, that it may be swayed by a child using a stick as a lever. In this same direction lie the Chain Lakes, whence Halifax gets her water supply, and where, in spite of prohibitory enactments, many fine trout are caught. Another favorite drive is to Bedford, along the Basin, passing Rockingham and the site of the 'Prince's Lodge,' where Prince Edward had his dwelling one hundred years ago. The Lodge, with its memories of love, and statecraft, and regal ceremony has fallen before the siege of time; but the band rotunda stands, a quaint, semi-classic structure, overhanging a railway cutting. Then one should visit Dartmouth, across the harbor from Halifax, so picturesquely dropped among its dark hills. Ferry-boats run every quarter hour







"Camping is one of the delights of Nova Scotia life."

from Halifax if time will permit, is that by steamer along the coast to Lunenburg and Bridgewater, the latter town being at the head of navigation on the river La Have, the Rhine of Nova Scotia. A pleasant way to enjoy the scenery along this beautiful stream is to go up in the steamer and to drive down on the river's bank from Bridgewater to the old French settlement La Have, where the stream merges with the Atlantic. If the visitor



"The salmon is king of the finny tribe and is found in many of the Nova Scotia streams."

is a fisherman the yarns he will hear in Bridgewater of rod and reel will set his brain in a whirl. "Six twenty-five pound salmon killed in a day on one rod." "Five hundred brook trout taken on two rods in two days," etc., give a fair idea of what he may expect. They are repeated here simply because to be forewarned is to be forearmed, and not because they are in any way extravagant.

the foot of Hollis Street.

In summer all Halifax rides and drives, sails and rows. In winter it devotes itself to those sports which put roses in the cheeks of her women and vigor and health in her men.

One of the side trips which should be taken

Lunenburg is one of the most prosperous places in the province, being largely interested in shipping and fishing enterprises. Near it is located a curious natural phenomenon known as the Ovens. These are several large caverns worn out by the tide, three of which are 70 feet wide and over 200 feet deep. The sea dashes into these dark recesses during a heavy swell, making a tremendous roar broken by deep booming reverberations.



These are enshrouded in local superstition and legend, and many a hair-raising tale of ghosts and pirates are spun around the old-fashioned fire-places of the locality.

There are three routes from Halifax which lead to interesting portions of Nova Scotia. One is via Windsor to Kentville, Wolfville and "The Land of Evangeline," another is by way of Truro to New Glasgow and thence on to Cape Breton, while a third is to Moncton and Shediac, from which a steamer makes daily trips across Northumberland Straits to Summerside, a thriving city



on Prince Edward Island, second only to Charlottetown in importance. Those who wish to visit the land made famous by Longfellow in his "Evangeline," can take a handsome and rapid train called the "Flying Bluenose," leaving Halifax every morning. The route for the first few miles out of Halifax is exceedingly attractive, with its many views of Bedford Basin, but after the last glimpse has been had of this ever-beautiful sheet, there is nothing to interest the traveler until Windsor is reached. It is a dreary stretch of rocks and stunted pines, with here and there a pond hemmed in by uninviting shores. Windsor makes a claim of being the prettiest town in Nova Scotia. It has 3,500 inhabitants, a pretentious college, and was the home of the genial and witty Haliburton, author of "Sam Slick, The Clockmaker," etc.

The town occupies a promontory between the Avon and St. Croix rivers. It is a considerable commercial center, and from here vast quantities of plaster are shipped. The Avon River, which is in reality an arm of the Bay of Minas (itself a part of the greater Bay of Fundy), cuts up strange pranks because of the tremendous tides. Twice every twenty-four hours the water all runs out of the wide river, leaving ships high and dry on the mud, and twice it flows back again to such a depth that the largest vessels can sail anywhere over its swift running surface. This is the stream which led Charles Dudley Warner to exclaim: "I never knew how much water added to a river until I saw the Avon."

Here, as at most of the ports on the Bay of Fundy and its estuaries, the ships have



"There are many spots where one could pitch his tent amid beautiful patches of woodland."

to watch their chance and slip up to their moorings on the rush of the incoming tide, for when it turns it goes out like a whirlwind, and vessels are left dry to the keel, cradled in the ooze, while far above their decks is the dripping wharf. In many places, as at Digby, where there is a depth of water sufficient to allow boats to reach the dock at all hours, the wharfs are built double, one far below the other for use at low tide. It is a strange and

novel sight to those unaccustomed to it, to stand on the deck of a steamer and see the upper wharf above the top of the smokestacks, while people are coming aboard or leaving the steamer over the slimy, barnacle-encrusted lower wharf, which was an hour or so ago thirty feet under water.

Westward from Windsor the country takes on a different character. Barren rocky slopes have given away to fertile fields. The hills have drawn apart and the Gaspereau Valley spreads out its verdure-covered meadows and luxuriously-foliaged



"The hills have drawn apart and the Gaspereau Valley spreads out its verdure-covered meadows."



orchards on every hand. Over to the right sparkles the Bay of Minas, and outlined on the horizon is grand old Blomidon, that majestic bastion, keeping faithful sentinel as in the days of Evangeline, over the turbulent waters which rise and fall with mighty force at its rocky base, guarding



the peaceful valley from the cold north winds and sea fogs which hover on its frowning summit, as if afraid to trespass further on the fair lands below.

And here lies Grand Pré, the home of the Acadians, the spot where was written one of the saddest and most romantic pages in the history of North America. Early in the seventeenth century, there came from France a goodly company of immigrants, and settled here. Dikes, with which the tides were kept from the meadows were built, and great crops gathered upon the reclaimed land. Prosperity came and gentle peace spread wide its protecting wings over these faithful people. The Indians loved them and were beloved in turn. Little heed paid they to aught about them save their daily toil. For it was a fair prospect that stretched away from their thatched cottages. Through the winding ways of the marshes the hurrying tides of Minas rushed back and forth, while their cattle waxed fat, their crops grew heavy, and the days came and went in happy uneventfulness.

When France and Great Britain went to war, the Acadians being intense Roman Catholics, considered it a crusade, and fought valiantly for the cause of their native land. Then came the ceding of Nova Scotia to the British, and soon after the demand upon these simple-hearted people that they should take the

oath of allegiance to the British crown. They rebelled and showed hostility. The English settlers, who hungered after these fairest lands in all the province, fretted because they were held by an alien people. Yet the Acadians sowed and reaped, unmindful of everything save their loyalty to their God and their native land.

"Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,  
Dwelt in the love of God and man. Alike were they free from  
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy the vice of republics.  
So passed the morning away. And lo, with a summons sonorous,  
Sounded the bell from its towers, and over the meadows a drum beat."

For the British Council at Halifax had decided that these kindly people must either take the oath of allegiance to Great Britain or be deported from the country.

Almost unanimously they refused to take the oath, preferring exile and confiscation to such an act, and seeming to regard their neutrality of the past forty-five years as having become a vested right. Diplomacy and argument were tried in vain, and it was resolved that the whole Acadian people should be banished to the southern American colonies, and that their estates and buildings, cattle and vessels, should be declared forfeited to the crown.



"There are places in Nova Scotia which resemble New England in their rural beauty."



"Quiet bays and inland tidal basins along the shore line."

"Thronged ere long was the church with men.

Without, in the churchyard,  
Waited the women. They stood by the graves,  
and hung on the headstones  
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens  
fresh from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and  
marching proudly among them  
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dis-  
sonant clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from  
ceiling and casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the pon-  
derous portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the  
will of the soldiers.

Then up rose their commander, and spake  
from the steps of the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the  
royal commission.

'Ye are convened this day,' he said, 'by his  
Majesty's orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how have  
you answered his kindness?

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural  
make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know  
must be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will  
of our monarch;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and  
cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you your-  
selves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you  
may dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peace-  
able people!

Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his  
Majesty's pleasure.'

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and  
stir of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the  
confusion

Wives were torn from their husbands, and  
mothers, too late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with  
wildest entreaties.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in  
autumn the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and  
o'er the horizon

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon  
mountain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling  
huge shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the  
roofs of the village,

Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships  
that lay in the roadstead

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes  
of flame were

Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like  
the quivering hands of a martyr.



"Where plunging waterfalls sing their rippling  
songs to the trees and rocks."

Then as the winds seized the gleeds and the  
burning thatch, and uplifting,  
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once  
from a hundred house-tops  
Started the sheeted smoke, with flashes of flame  
intermingled.

Many a weary year had passed since the burn-  
ing of Grand Pré,

When on the falling tide the freighted vessels  
departed,

Bearing a nation, with all its household gods,  
into exile,

Exile without an end, and without an example  
in story.

Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians  
landed;

Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when  
the wind from the northeast

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the  
banks of Newfoundland.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered  
from city to city,

From the cold lakes of the North to sultry  
Southern savannas,—

From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands  
where the Father of Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them  
down to the ocean,

Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones  
of the mammoth.

Friends they sought and homes; and many,  
despairing, heart-broken,

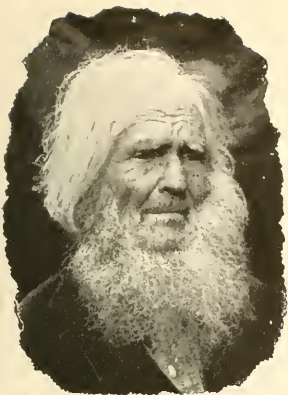
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer  
a friend or a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone  
in the churchyards."

LONGFELLOW'S *Evangeline*.



"Following their peaceful avocations."



"A relic of the generations gone."

it from the face of the earth. The same power is now fiendishly at work, while the civilized world looks on, to blot out from existence the Armenians. But never was a nation rooted out of the soil and ruthlessly scattered to the four quarters of the earth in a brief space, as were the French inhabitants of Nova Scotia. It is strange that so fruitful a theme for the poet and novelist has been so little made use of. Longfellow, alone, has immortalized it in his epic, in which, however, while the facts may be idealized, they do not depart in substance from the truth."

The railroad running from Grand Pré westward takes the traveller through the Cornwallis, Gaspereau and Annapolis valleys, in turns. Each is a beautiful region, dotted with prosperous farms, great orchards and here and there delightful villages, in which the summer tourist will find plain, wholesome inns and the choice of many private homes, which are thrown open to summer boarders. Wolfville and Kentville are most desirable points at which to spend a day or a

summer. The roads round about are excellent, and as the price of horse hire in this country, as everything else, is exceedingly cheap, it is easily possible for the tourist, making these places a center, to visit all the region round about, including several pretty resorts on the Bay of Fundy shore.

Kentville is a charming little leaf-embowered and elm-shaded village tucked in between the hills. Prof. Richards paints this pretty pen picture of this quaint and quiet little town:

"The valleys wind unexpectedly, and the enclosing banks are abrupt. The tidal stream of the Cornwallis, twisting through its narrow strip of meadow, is met here by a chattering amber brook



"In the heart of the primeval forest where the camps of the hunters are established."

set thick with willows. The brook washes the dooryards. There are unexpected bridges, and green shade dapples the streets. Every turn gives a new and haunting picture, and one feels as if the place had been planned in a dream. The air is wholesome, especially kindly to the weak lungs or throat. The streets, wind-

less though shady, are warm in summer; but it is only a step to climb the surrounding bluffs and come out into the breezes and wide views of Cornwallis. The view from Canaan Heights, several miles back of the town, is one not to be forgotten. Kentville has a charming social life, many families of culture having settled in the neighborhood. It has also an extensive business as the capital and trading centre of the rich county of Kings. It is the seat of the offices and machine-shops of the Dominion Atlantic Railway. It has an excellent new hotel close to the station, the



"Fishing boats continually coming and going."





Aberdeen, large, comfortable, and modern in equipment; and smaller hotels, with good accommodation, are numerous.

"The Cornwallis Valley Railway is a short branch of the Dominion Atlantic, running from Kentville thro' Canning and the heart of the apple country, the greatest and most famous of all those in North America, to Kingsport, a distance of fourteen miles. Canning (eleven miles from Kentville) is a typical farming town, surrounded by rich meadows, its placid streets buried in leafage. Its comfortable inn is quaint and old-fashioned. Through Canning flows a narrow tidal stream, the Habitant, once a large river, but now almost silted full. The heavy crops of clover and timothy now wave where of old large ships came in upon the flood

to Canning's wharves.

"From Canning it is but a short drive across the Pereau to the foot of North Mountain and the famous Look-Off. This latter



"The journey along the shores of the Bay of Minas and in and out of the many bays."

is a lofty spur of the main range. As the carriage crawls slowly up its steep face a series of enchanting pictures is unfolded below. The panorama seen from the summit is marvelous, not only for its sublime breadth but for the variety of its loveliness. The local enthusiast will tell you that you are gazing into five counties—Kings, Annapolis, Hants, Cumberland, and Colchester—but this fact is a very insignificant item in the impressiveness of the scene. From your feet the mountain side falls away abruptly, a mass of foliage palpitating with colored light. Far down, as if you could drop a pebble into it, lie the basking roofs of Pereau, drenched with sun."

Kingsport, the terminus of the branch from Kentville, is one of the leading ship-building centres on the north Atlantic,



"The Micmac Indians are at home in canoes."

and a prominent port for ocean steamers in the apple and potato trade. It lies on the western shore of the Basin of Minas, and puts up quite pretentious claims as a summer resort. It is one of the spots in Nova Scotia which the tourist should not overlook, for it has an invigorating climate and exhilarating outlook, good bathing and several comfortable inns.

Then, too, it is the starting point of one of the most delightful side trips in the Province—that upon the twin screw steamer “Evangeline,” whose captain is a uniformed yet genial encyclopædia of all the traditions of the fabled shores around which his staunch craft plies. The steamer hugs close to the land line passing under the frowning heights of Cape Blomidon, whose upper portion is one sheer perpendicular wall of rock, while the lower half is a slope of dizzying steepness. In the storm eaten crevices of the red sandstone, cling the birches and other trees which conceal, by a ragged carpet of foliage, the sterner features of Blomidon’s rocky face. After passing Amethyst Cove, where, in the early spring, many beautiful specimens of this lilac crystal are brought down by the thawing of the ice in the rocky fissures. Spit Rock, old Blomidon’s rival, is seen standing in bold relief against the sky, with the huge sliver torn

away from the parent rock by some stupendous convulsion, standing alone and apart from it like a solitary sentinel. The entire trip of the



“The Post-Office, Dominion Building and Governor’s Mansion at Charlottetown.”

“Evangeline” across the Basin to Parrsboro, on the Cumberland shore, is intensely interesting. The village of Parrsboro is a brisk town and the centre of a fine fishing and shooting region. The Cumberland peninsula is famous for moose, and the surrounding streams are literally alive with trout and salmon, and have been but little fished as yet.

From Parrsboro the traveler, if he does not wish to retrace his steps, may take the Cumberland Railroad to Springfield Junction and return to Halifax by the Intercolonial Railway in about four hours, or he may go to Point Shediac via Moncton, from which place he can cross the Northumberland Straits to Summer side, Prince Edward



“Both the residence and business portion of Charlottetown has a prosperous look.”

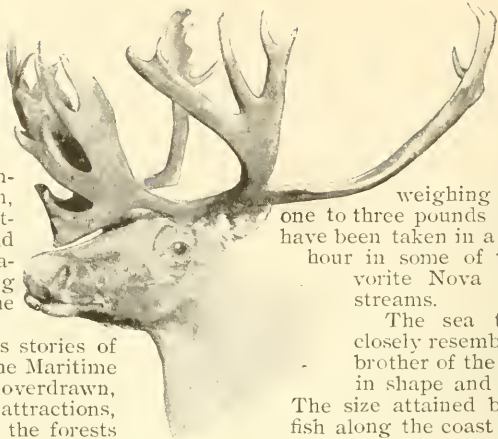
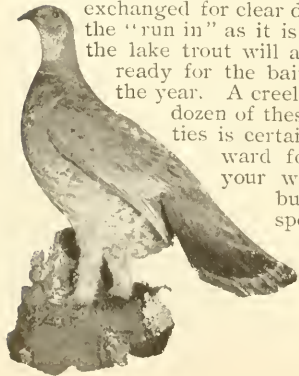


Island. Still another route suggested is by the Intercolonial Railway to Truro, connecting there for Cape Breton, the island which forms the eastern portion of Nova Scotia, and is, from any point of consideration, one of the most interesting and beautiful regions on the American continent.

Sportsmen tell prodigious stories of the fishing and shooting in the Maritime Provinces, and they are not overdrawn, for no country offers greater attractions, where in the still solitude of the forests nature has provided a home and a hiding place for game and fish.

Nova Scotia trout and salmon waters are at their best in May and June. Following the salmon come the sea trout late in June and through July, then the great lusty, silver and vermilion fish, all full of game and all frequenting both salt and fresh waters. There is usually good trout fishing in most waters in September, and during the same month there is the fall run of sea trout. The slack month for fly fishing is August.

The brook trout is to be met with in every lake, or even pond, throughout the provinces. One cannot walk far through the depths of a forest without hearing the gurgling of a rill of water amongst the stones beneath the moss. Follow this hidden stream a little ways and you will soon come upon a sparkling brook fringed by waving ferns and varied by crystal pools in which is mirrored the overhanging foliage. The trout is sure to be here, and on your approach darts under the shelter of the projecting roots of the mossy bank. A little further, and a winding lane of still water, skirted by graceful maples and birches, leads to the open expanse of the lake, where the gloom of the heavy woods is exchanged for clear daylight. This is the "run in" as it is called, and here the lake trout will always be found, ready for the bait at all times of the year. A creel of two or three dozen of these speckled beauties is certain to be your reward for having found your way to these wild but enchanting spots. Frequently five dozen handsome trout,



weighing from one to three pounds apiece have been taken in a single hour in some of the favorite Nova Scotia streams.

The sea trout closely resembles its brother of the brook in shape and color.

The size attained by this fish along the coast varies from three to five pounds.

"The caribou." The favorite localities are the harbors with which the coast is indented. When hooked by the fly fisherman on their first entrance to fresh water, they afford sport second only to that of salmon fishing. No more beautiful fish ever reposed in an



"Gathering about the boats upon the return to camp to discuss the sport of the day."

angler's basket. They are of delicious flavor, and are entitled to a high consideration and place among the game fish of the provinces.

Excellent camping grounds may be found upon or near by the streams and lakes, and Indian guides who are adept at camp keeping and canoeing, and who are familiar with the locations of the best pools, can readily be secured in all localities. They generally live during the summer at the mouths of the rivers, and are alert at making bargains to accompany sporting parties.

As a rule all sportsmen's supplies may be purchased to good advantage in Halifax, but in any case it is best to get flies in Nova Scotia, where the local

requirements are well known, the Bluenoses being born fishermen. Guides usually charge \$1 a day, or \$1.50 to \$2 with boat, and can be secured in any town, while dealers in tackle are always well informed as to localities and ready to impart information.

From Halifax fishing trips may be taken either by the several coach lines along the coast, or by private conveyances, which are to be obtained at reasonable cost. There is good sport along the western shore all the way to

Chester and Gold

River. Indian River, twenty-one miles from Halifax and Ingram River twenty-five miles, are also good points, as is Grand Lake. At St. Margaret's Bay may be found an old-fashioned inn and good guides. Indian Lake, about eight miles from Halifax on the Prospect Road, Peters Lake, Spruce Hill Lake and Nine Mile River

are good points for the spring and summer sport.

It is impossible, in an article of this length, to give a list of all the favorite places for sport, but this information can readily be secured in Halifax or any of the larger or smaller towns. No reference to fishing in the Provinces would, however, be complete without a mention of that most famous of all salmon waters, the Margaree River in Cape Breton. This is easily reached from Baddeck, and runs through a country so beautiful, that should the sportsman fail to get a single rise, he would be abundantly repaid for the trip.

The laws regulating fishing fix the open season for salmon from March 1 to August 15, although they may be fished for with a fly a month earlier, that is from February 1. No one is allowed to fish for salmon between 6 p. m. Satur-

day and 6 a. m. Monday, or for any other fish in waters frequented by salmon.

The penalty for violation is \$30. Speckled trout may be fished for from April 1 to October 1, and bass at any time with hook and line. Non-residents upon arrival in the provinces are required to pay duty upon their rods

and tackle, but a receipt is given by the customs officials, and the amount returned when the fisherman leaves the country.

Shooting in Nova Scotia does not commence until September 15th, moose, caribou and deer being protected for the nine months preceding that date. The chief ambition of the sportsman who visits Nova Scotia is to kill a moose, the male of which species is frequently eight feet high, weighs fifteen hundred pounds, has horns measuring from five to six feet from tip to tip and as much light in him, when wounded, as a Rocky Mountain grizzly bear. In September and October moose are often surprised and killed while wading in the cool waters of inland lakes, where they feed on the roots and stems of aquatic plants. Like the red deer, the moose "yard" in winter, the "yard" consisting of a cedar or spruce swamp, round or through which they make beaten tracks in their rambling. A yard will sometimes be found by hunters containing forty or fifty animals. After a fresh fall of snow, hunters on snow-shoes can easily overtake the moose, whose great weight causes him to sink in the snow, but this is a kind of hunting looked down upon by the true knight of the gun, and not considered sportsmanlike. Indian and half-breed guides



"The moose."



"The trapper who in winter makes his rounds."



"Watching for moose from the camp."

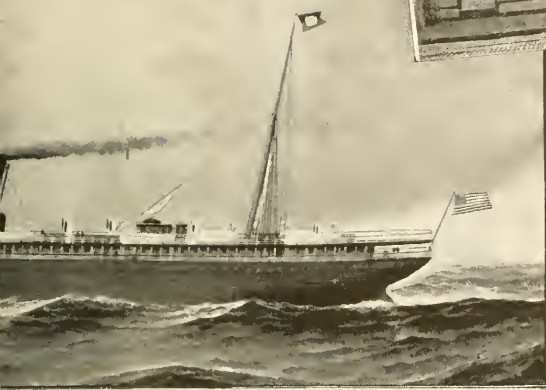
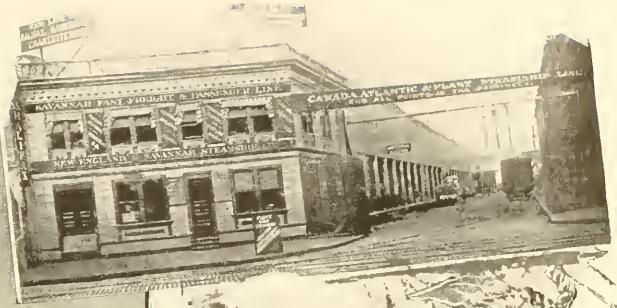


PLANT LINE WHARF AT  
HALIFAX



S.S. OLIVETTE.





S.S. LA GRANDE DUCHESSE.



MR. WINGS  
HALIFAX

ON DECK



S.S. HALIFAX



DINING ROOM  
PLANET LINE  
STEAMSHIP



ENGINE ROOM S.S. HALIFAX



A CAPTAIN



"Prince Edward Island is a quiet region, in which, if time is money, every man is a millionaire."

frequently attract moose by imitating their cry, the animals coming cautiously towards the sound. A repeating rifle of heavy calibre is a necessity in moose hunting, for a wounded bull moose will invariably turn on his assailant. No hunter can do better than make his first essay at moose shooting in Nova Scotia. There are in this province three recognized sporting districts, of which the best is probably the western, which takes in all the country to the west of a line drawn from Halifax to Yarmouth. Here moose are reported plentiful and increasing in number. No one is allowed to kill more than two moose or four caribou in one season, the penalty for violating this law being from \$50 to \$200, and is rigidly enforced.

Caribou, or American reindeer, are abundant in Nova Scotia and in parts of Prince Edward Island. They are not as large as the moose, rarely weighing more than 500 pounds, and are a less dangerous foe when wounded. They are

light-colored, almost white in certain seasons, and have broad horns of the elk pattern, with a peculiar formation which follows the bridge of the nose almost to its tip, perfectly protecting it from the attacks of its fellows. The common

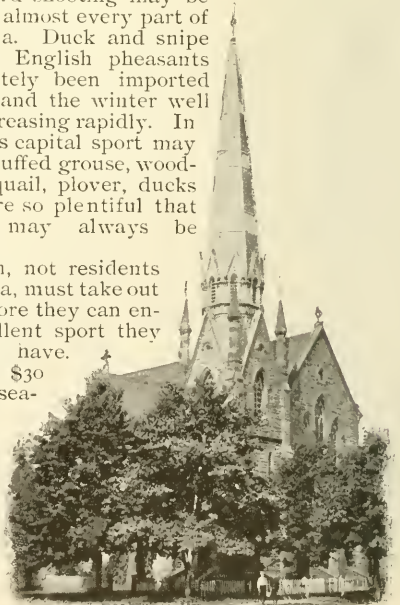
red deer of the States are seldom,

if ever, found in Nova Scotia.

Good bird shooting may be obtained in almost every part of Nova Scotia. Duck and snipe abound, and English pheasants that have lately been imported are said to stand the winter well and to be increasing rapidly. In many sections capital sport may be had with ruffed grouse, woodcock, snipe, quail, plover, ducks and geese, are so plentiful that good bags may always be counted on.

Sportsmen, not residents of Nova Scotia, must take out a license before they can enjoy the excellent sport they are sure to have.

These cost \$30 each for the season for all large game, and \$10 for birds and hares. They may be secured at the Provincial



"One of Charlottetown's churches."





Secretary's office in Halifax, or from any county clerk. As there is a penalty, ranging from \$50 to \$100 for shooting without government authorization and inasmuch as the person fined is liable to imprisonment if the fine is not paid, it is suggested that no chances be taken.

Prince Edward Island lies in the southern part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the wide Strait of Northumberland, quite like the English Channel in disposition, separates it from Nova Scotia on the south, and New Brunswick on the west. This island enjoys the distinction of being the most thoroughly cultivated territory on this side of the Atlantic. It is one great garden from land's end to land's end, and is not only beautiful in points of topography, but its summer climate is delightfully free alike from penetrating fogs and excessive heat. Those who have seen some of the more fertile sections of the Illinois prairies, with their undulating surface, scattering forests, wood-fringed streams, and prosperous farms have seen an American reproduction of Prince Edward Island. The Island is notable as a health spot, surrounded as it is by ocean and strait, whose waters have broken the shore line into numberless bays and estuaries. Its breezes are nothing but pure ones, bearing all of the healthful tonic and ozone of old ocean itself. The Great North Bay on Prince Edward Island is skirted with fifty miles of wide sandhills, and the clear waters of St. Lawrence Gulf that flow along its front afford one of the purest and most notable bathing grounds in the world. Charlottetown, the capital of Prince Edward Island, is a brisk, well built, well-governed and prosperous city of about 15,000 inhabitants. . . .

There are quite a number of seaside resorts on the island, the largest being Summerside, which is as well quite a ship building and business center; Georgetown, Souris, Mt. Stuart, Tignish (up at the extreme northern end of the island), Alberton, Kensington, Rustico and others. Malpeque, seven miles from Kensington, on the north shore,

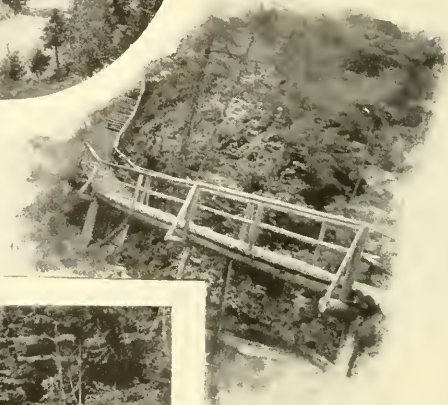
"Prince Edward Island is an ideal place to enjoy the combined delights of sea and country combined."

has been made famous by the delicious deep-sea oysters, which bear its name, and are to all this region and Canada what the Blue Points and Cherry Stones are to Americans.

Cape Traverse,



commoners and four senators to the dominion legislature at Ottawa. Its history is an interesting one, and upon its pages are written



on Northumberland Strait, has many things to commend it to the summer visitor, as have Barclay Point, about ten miles from Charlottetown, and Tracadie Beach, about four miles from Bedford Station, on the north side of the island.

The shooting on Prince Edward Island during the season is exceedingly good, and wild geese, brant, duck, partridge, woodcock and snipe are to be found in abundance, while

such streams as the Monce, the Dunk, the Pierrejaques, the Miminigash, the Kildare, Tignish and others, teem with trout and salmon. From any one of the little seaside towns on Prince Edward Island, one may have within a half-hour or hour's sail an abundance of mackerel and deep-sea fishing.

The island constitutes the smallest of the provinces, but maintains equal dignity with the greatest, having its own provincial government, comprising a governor and parliament, and sending six



"Truro, which is a progressive city, has a very attractive public park."

the same general outlines which are found on that of all this region, a strife between the French and English for territorial acquisition.

Acquired by the French late in the seventeenth or early in the eighteenth century, it soon attracted a respectable number of settlers from Bretagne and Normandy, whose produce and grains were in great demand for the fortified city of Louisbourg in Cape Breton (then L'Isle Royale, or the Royal Island). In

1745 many of these settlers were expatriated after the fall of Louisbourg, but after the return of this citadel to France the island was again peopled, and when in 1755 Louisbourg was recaptured by General Wolfe, it would seem that only a few of these poor farmers were removed from their homes. Some, however, were thus deported, especially those about Charlottetown (then Port La Joie), and the adjoining coast. Some ten thousand of the descendants of those who remained,



and of the Acadians who escaped the deportation at Minas, Blomidon and other parts of Nova Scotia, yet reside in the province. They are still to a great extent a people set apart from the rest of the population, living in their own villages, intermarrying early with their own race, speaking the French tongue and keeping up in dress, traditions, customs, etc., the simple, hospitable, kindly traits depicted in "Evangeline." Thus, to a great extent, in certain villages, the women and maidens wear "the Norman cap and the kirtle of homespun;" the young girl begins at an early age to spin, weave and sew the coarse white linen and heavy deep-tinted woolens which she shall bring with her to the man of her choice; and the settlement still delights in assembling to start a young couple in their mar-



"The timber railway at Truro is the only one of its kind in the Country."

ried life, to raise a barn or house, and to take their pay in an hour or two of dancing to a simple fiddle, and a supper of bread, tea, potatoes and meat, or fish.

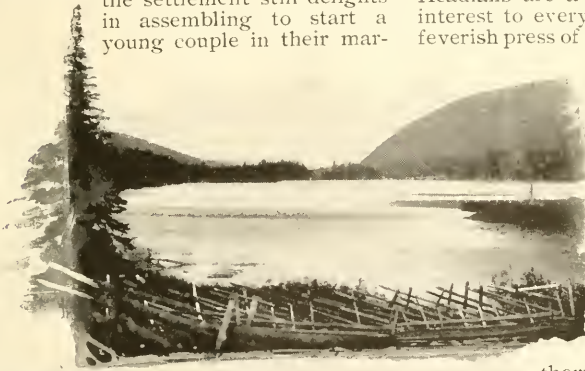
Peaceful, economical, industrious, in a way belonging to a past age, these Acadians are a peculiar people, full of interest to every traveler fresh from the feverish press of business, or the artificial

but onerous demands of modern society

A remnant of the once powerful Micmac tribe of Indians, some three hundred in number, still haunt the northern harbors, and retain the garb and habits of their warlike ancestors. They are keen hunters, and faithful servitors for moderate pay, and a few days with one of

them, among the trout, duck and plover, is generally a time to be long and pleasantly remembered.

Charlottetown, the capital and chief commercial city of Prince Edward Island, is a prosperous little city of 15,000, and in summer is attractive to visitors, although its pleasures and sights are soon exhausted. The general character of its business buildings is excellent, and its streets are wide and well shaded by day and electric lighted by night. In the business center of the city is Queen Square and the substantial government structures, including the provincial building and the post office. In the former are the legislature halls and the



"The coast line of the Bras d'Or Lakes is broken and indented with many bays."



"Fertile farms stretch down to pebbly beaches, which are fringed with strips of woodland."

Colonial library. Near by are the Convent of Notre Dame, the Prince of Wales College and the normal school. The residence of the governor occupies an attractive point of land west of the city and commands a fine view of the harbor. In the suburbs of the city are two colleges, the Wesleyan and St. Dunstan's, both well supported and prosperous institutions. From Charlottetown the various parts of the island are reached by the lines of local steamers and the Prince Edward Island Railway which runs from one end of the island to the other, a distance of 130 miles.

This city is the terminus of the Boston and Prince Edward Island service of the Plant Line, and the popular and staunch "Halifax" of this line makes the round trip between Boston and Charlottetown each week. The steamship touches at Halifax and proceeds thence to Hawkesbury on the Straits of Canso, through which it passes into Northumberland Straits, upon which Charlottetown is

located. This 1500-mile sea trip is the longest, cheapest and most delightful of any which can be made in one week from an American port without going to Europe. The accommodations are of the finest; and the extended views afforded of the south shore of Nova Scotia, together with glimpses of picturesque Cape Breton, and the opportunity of visiting Prince Edward Island, combine to make it a popular outing. For those who have only a week to spare for

vacation pleasures no trip can be compared to this for variety, health-giving features or economy. The round trip fare from Boston is but \$16, with an additional charge of \$2 for stateroom berths each way, and for meals, fifty cents being the price for breakfast and supper, and



"During the busy season hundreds of men and boys are engaged in curing cod, haddock and halibut."

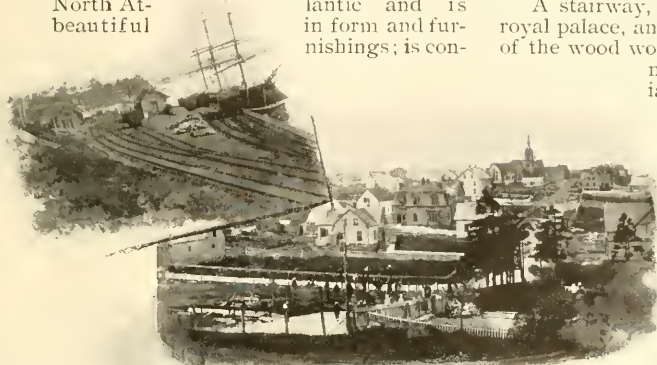
seventy-five cents for dinner. Thus \$40 is an amount sufficient to cover the entire week's outing, including carriage rides in Halifax and Charlottetown, and a few appropriate souvenirs of the outing.



"It is not an unusual sight to see dried cod fish stacked up like hay upon the stony beach, awaiting shipment to England or the States."



The Plant Line fleet upon which these tours are made consists of the steamships "La Grande Duchesse," "Halifax" and "Olivette." The former was launched from the Newport News Ship Building and Dry Dock Co.'s works, January 30, 1896. She is the queen of the North Atlantic and is beautiful in form and furnishings; is con-



"Port Mulgrave is across the narrow Straits of Canso from Hawkesbury, on Cape Breton, at which the steamers touch."

structed entirely of steel, and is of such enormous size that only the most recently built transatlantic leviathans exceed her proportions. She measures 405 feet from stem to stern, has a beam of 47 feet 9 inches, and tonnage in proportion. Her 7000 horse power, quad-

ruple expansion engines drive two manganese bronze screws of huge diameter. No crack ocean liner is more luxurious in interior appointments. The woodwork of mahogany and quartered oak is beautified wherever good taste suggests it by rich and elaborate carvings.

A stairway, handsome enough for a royal palace, and a veritable masterpiece of the wood worker's art, with elaborate

newels carved from special designs in Paris, leads from the social hall on the upper deck to the grand dining saloon.

This is a spacious, well-lighted room of ample capacity and charming mural decorations in white and gold. To the traveller accustomed to the usual half-lighted and sombre-toned steamship dining saloon, that on "La Grande Duchesse" is a pleasing revelation. Its furnishings are in exceedingly good taste, and the table service of silver, china and glass ware of the finest.

On the same deck are the officers' dining rooms, telephone exchange, through which all departments of the ship are in speaking communication with each other, and a large number of staterooms. Above the dining room is the large social hall, and on the same deck the smoking room for gentlemen, and the observatory for the ladies.

This latter is a novelty on ocean steamships, and illustrates the desire of the Plant Line to furnish everything possible for the comfort of its patrons. It is a spacious room, built of steel and surrounded with windows. It is tastefully furnished, and being on the upper deck affords the ladies, in inclement weather, an opportunity to enjoy an unobstructed view, while perfectly protected from wind

and rain.

All the social halls and main deck are finished in mahogany as well as the ladies'





"St. Peter's Canal connects the southern end of the Bras d'Or lakes with the Atlantic."

observatory. The second-class social hall and reception room are finished in quartered oak. Every modern contrivance for comfort and convenience is found upon this superb ship. She is electric lighted from mast top to stokers' hole.

Electric bells and telephones connect the state-rooms and all parts of the ship. She has fine bath rooms and barber shop and all the appurtenances of a palatial hotel. "La Grande Duchesse" has twin screws of manganese bronze, and engines of 7000 horse power of the quadruple expansion pattern. She has accommodations for 700 passengers, and is in every particular and detail as handsome and perfect an example of modern ship construction as it would be possible to find upon any sea. She will run regularly between Boston and Halifax, alternating with the "Olivette," while

the "Halifax" will run as usual between Boston and Charlottetown, touching at Halifax each way. The latter ship was built on the Clyde, and is 260 feet in length, having a breadth of 35 feet, a tonnage of 1750, and triple expansion engines of 3000 horse power. She is electric lighted throughout, has bath rooms, electrical call-bells, a grand saloon, handsome smoking rooms, and a broad promenade deck, the state-rooms being particularly comfortable and roomy. The "Olivette" was constructed at the famous ship building yards of the Cramp's, at Philadelphia, and is fourteen feet longer than the "Halifax,"

but otherwise of about the same proportions.

Their passenger accommodations are superb, the arrangements and furnishings of the staterooms exceptionally comfort-



"None of the towns are large, but all look bright and inviting with their white houses and green background."

able; many of them being en suite. The sides and ceilings of the dining saloon, social hall, etc., are finished in lincrusta, and the woodwork is of heavy walnut, highly polished. As the "Olivette" was built specially for passenger service her deck accommodation for promenading and lounging is convenient and roomy.

The visitor to the Provinces should not fail to spend a portion of his time on Cape Breton. It may be reached either via Halifax, taking the Intercolonial Railway through Truro and New Glasgow to Port Mulgrave on the straits of Canso, or by steamer of the Plant Line around the southern shore of Nova Scotia from Halifax to Hawkesbury, directly across the straits of Canso from Port Mulgrave.



"Upon almost every inlet of the sea is located a little village."





"The steamer on its journey through the Bras d'Or lakes touches at various interesting little settlements where contentment and happiness are everywhere evident."

From here the chief places of interest in the interior may be reached either by rail or by boat. The latter is from every point of consideration the most interesting, the route being from Mulgrave around a point of Cape Breton, and through a beautiful archipelago of islands to St. Peter's Canal which connects the Bras d'Or lakes at their western and southern end with the Atlantic. This four hours' trip

flock of sheep on the hill side," and then passes through the locks and canal, into the Bras d'Or, where the traveler is transferred to the larger boat which takes him through the lakes to Sydney and North Sydney, touching at Baddeck, Whycocomagh and other points en route.

Mr. Warner, whose delightful and interesting little book, "Baddeck and that Sort of Thing," has been for years a classic in the litera-



is made upon a most comfortable little steamer, and is full of attractive features from the start to the finish.

The panorama of island and sea is ever changing, and the journey may be compared to that on the St. Lawrence through the Thousand Islands. The steamer touches at several little villages whose white painted, scattering cottages look from a distance, as Charles Dudley Warner has so happily said: "Like a

"The trip from Port Mulgrave to St. Peter's canal is through a beautiful archipelago of islands."

ture of travel, says of the Bras d'Or lakes: "They are the most beautiful salt water lakes I have ever seen, and more beautiful than I had imagined a body of salt water could be. If the reader will take the map, he will see that two narrow estuaries, the Great and Little Bras d'Or, enter the Island of Cape Breton, on the ragged northeast coast, above the town of Sydney, and flow in, at length widening out and occupying the heart of the island. The water seeks out all the low places, and ramifies the interior, running away into lovely bays and lagoons, leaving slender tongues of land and picturesque islands, and bringing into the recesses of the land, to the remote country farms and settlements, the flavor of salt, and the fish and mollusks of the briny sea. There is very little tide at



"The villages with their white painted cottages looking from a distance like a flock of sheep on a hillside."

any time, so that the shores are clean and slightly, for the most part like those of fresh water lakes. It has all the pleasantness of a fresh water lake with all the advantages of a salt one. In the streams which run into it are the speckled trout, the shad and the salmon; out of its depths are hooked the cod and the mackerel, and in its bays fatten the oyster. These irregular lakes are about a hundred miles long, if you measure them skillfully, and in some places ten miles broad; but so indented are they that I am not sure but one

would need, as I was informed, to ride a thousand miles to go round them, following all its incursions into the land."

Supplementing this description, no less an authority than Sir W. C. Van Horne, the President of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and a great traveler, has said of the lake region of Cape Breton: "There is nothing

I have ever seen on the American Atlantic seaboard resembling the inlets which expand into seas in the interior of Cape Breton, and there are no waters that I know nearer than the fjords of Norway, or those of the British Columbia coast and Alaska, to be compared with them in beauty and interest."

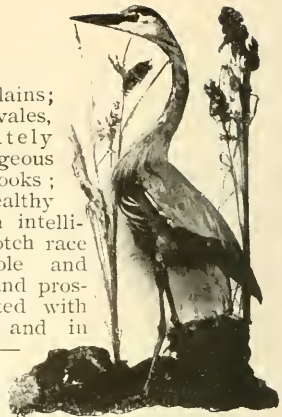
Prof. Sumichrast, of Harvard College, sums up the whole matter in a paragraph that is well worth quoting:

"I have been down through the Island shooting; fished at Lake Ainslie and on the Margaree River; visited ancient Louisburg and all the interesting portions of Isle Madame, and I must say Cape Breton is one of the most beautiful places I have ever visited. Art as yet has done little or nothing for Cape Breton, but nature has been profusely lavish in her gifts. Sylvan retreats; romantic glens, wild mountain gorges, magnificent lakes; deep, swiftly-gliding rivers;

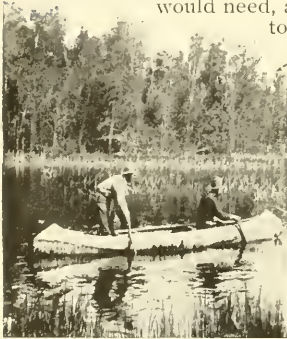
gently undulating plains; good, level intervalles, studded with stately American elms; gorgeous bays; rushing brooks; delicious springs; healthy atmosphere, and an intelligent, fun-loving Scotch race of people, hospitable and humane to a fault, and prosperous and contented with their surroundings and in their circumstances—this is Cape Breton.

Fish and game are plentiful in their season, and I know no place where a man can spend a couple of months with his rod, his dogs and his gun, more enjoyably than on this fascinating island."

The journey up through the lakes from St. Peter's Canal occupies a full day, for there are many landings to be touched at and many miles of tortuous course to be followed in reaching them. At each place there is an interchange of passengers and many quaint sights to be seen. At one place it will be a crowd of Micmac Indians just down from the



"Every now and then lazy herons" are startled into flight.



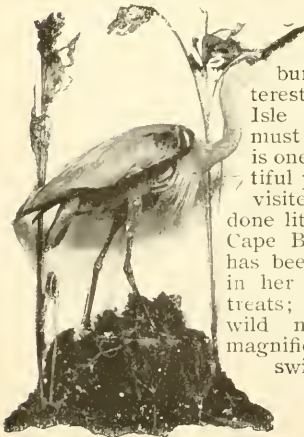
Pushing their canoe into quiet reed-grown bays.



"You may still find primitive ferry boats making daily trips."

mountains, with shoulder hampers loaded with plump, luscious blueberries, which grow so abundantly hereabouts. At another, it will be a mixture of Gaelic back-countrymen, accompanied on their annual tour to Sydney by their women and children. And thus it goes. The trip is one of ever-changing interest, for when the ever-present panorama of lovely scenery is not engaging attention, it is some unusual quaint picture of human interest.

The most important places on the Bras d'Or lakes are Whycomagh





"The old church at Baddeck where services are still conducted in the Gaelic tongue."

(pronounced by the natives "Hogamah"), Grand Narrows and Baddeck. The latter has attained quite a degree of fame through Mr. Warner's widely-read book, but latterly because quite an aristocratic colony of summer residents have erected beautiful homes here.

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, owns a whole mountain of 1000 acres, upon which he has expended \$200,000 on roads. Upon its southern slope up toward the summit and overlooking a wide panorama of lake and mountain, he has erected a \$35,000 residence, and near it a fully equipped laboratory where he conducts his experiments in electricity. This beautiful estate bears very appropriately the Scotch name of Beinn Bhreagh. George Kennan, the Russian traveller and lecturer, also has a fine residence at Baddeck and he and his charming wife have explored every bay and inlet of the lakes and all the inland secluded fastnesses, living for weeks at a time on their yacht, or in camp. Mr. Kennan is an outspoken enthusiast on Cape Breton, and expressed to the writer his belief that there was no more beautiful, picturesque, or fascinating region anywhere.

Baddeck is a quaint, sleepy, half open eyed village. Mr. Warner, to



The Residence of Alex. Graham Bell, near Baddeck.

quote him again, says "having attributed the quiet of Baddeck on Sunday to religion, we did not know to what to lay the quiet on Monday, but its peacefulness continued. I have no doubt that the farmers began to farm, and the traders to trade, and the sailors to sail, but the tourist feels that he has come to a haven of rest." This was written twenty odd years ago, but it's the same Baddeck to-day. You will find the same delightful air of quiet and repose everywhere manifest, and you can, now as then, look out over the same beautiful expanse of glistening water with its setting of purple hills. You may breathe that deliciously cool air—compounded of sea and hemlock, and spend days or weeks in this climatic and healthgiving paradise, where the very living is a joy.

The country around about Baddeck is a most picturesquely wild and beautiful region. No one who can afford the time



"Look where you may on the Bras d'Or, the view is one of entrancing beauty."

should fail to spend several days, or better, weeks in exploring it. For fishermen and hunters it is a paradise. The Margaree river, reached easily from Baddeck, is the famous salmon stream of Nova Scotia, and every one of the scores of crystal brooks are alive with trout.

"St. Anne's Bay, most beautiful of all on the island, is but ten miles northeasterly; and beyond the wild northern shore stretches away to Ingonish and Cape Smoky, the tip end of the continent, bound by a line of stupendous cliffs and mountains, back of them the vast tablelands of Victoria County, covered





"Baddeck straggles along the curving shores of a tranquil bay whose waters are seldom disturbed by ships of commerce."

with primeval forests, over which roam undisturbed herds of caribou. A drive along this coast, or, better, a journey afoot, depending on the warm and homely hospitality of the Gaelic settlers, reveals a mode of living that for absolute primitiveness is nowhere equalled on our continent. Here are seen grinding of corn by hand stones, timber hewn in a similar crude manner, or

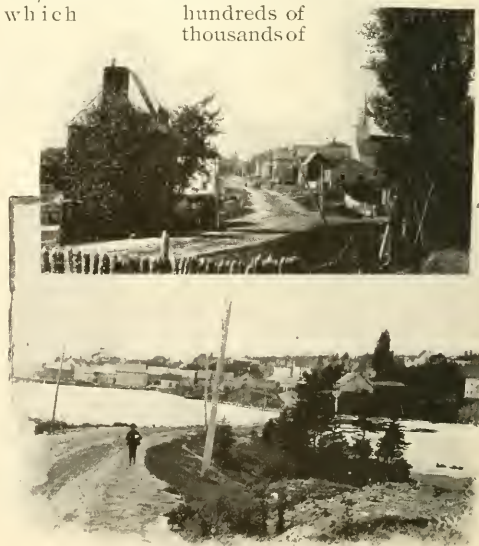
and while it has many quaint features, is, as a whole, such a town as one can find many times duplicated in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, with the added features of one of the finest harbors on the Atlantic seaboard, in which, so the statistics of the place show, more than fifteen hundred steamships and sailing vessels entered and cleared last year. Sydney is the terminus of several of the European cables, as it is nearer Europe than any other place on this continent, and a visit to the offices of the company is worth the making. It is the centre of the enormous coal interests of Cape Breton, and all about it are the mines from which hundreds of thousands of



"The jail at Baddeck, which was torn down because of lack of use."

sawn by mills, home made; while from every door comes the sound of spinning-wheel or click of shuttle in the family loom. Not less interesting are the Micmac Indians, who pitch their wigwams on the hillside at Baddeck, their permanent settlements being at Indian Cove and at Escasoni near Grand Narrows."

The Bras d'Or Lakes connect with the ocean at their eastern end through two long arms or channels, and near the confluence of ocean and sea are located the towns of Sydney and North Sydney. The former is by far the more important and is the largest town on the island. It has enormous coal and shipping interests,



"The quiet, peaceful streets of Baddeck."



"The valley of the Margaree river in Cape Breton is a paradise, the stream itself offering the finest salmon fishing in America."

tons are taken annually, a large proportion of the coal used in both New York and Boston for making gas being mined near Sydney.

About thirty miles from Sydney, reached by a narrow guage railway, is Louisburg, once counted among the strongest fortified places of the world. To-day its ramparts are grass-grown ruins, with hardly one stone standing upon another.

"Once it was a city with walls of stone which made a circuit of two and a half miles, were thirty-six feet high, and of the thickness of forty feet at the base. For twenty-five years the French had labored upon it, and had expended upwards of thirty millions of livres or nearly six million dollars in completing its defences. It was called the 'Dunkirk of America.' Garrisoned by the veterans of France, and with powerful batteries commanding every point, it bristled with most potent pride of war. To-day it is difficult to trace its site among the turf which marks the ruins. Desolation now sits with a ghastly smile around the once formidable bastions. All is silent except the loud reverberation of the ocean whose surf surges along the rocky beach. Seldom has demolition been more complete. It seemed built for all time; it has vanished from the face of the earth.

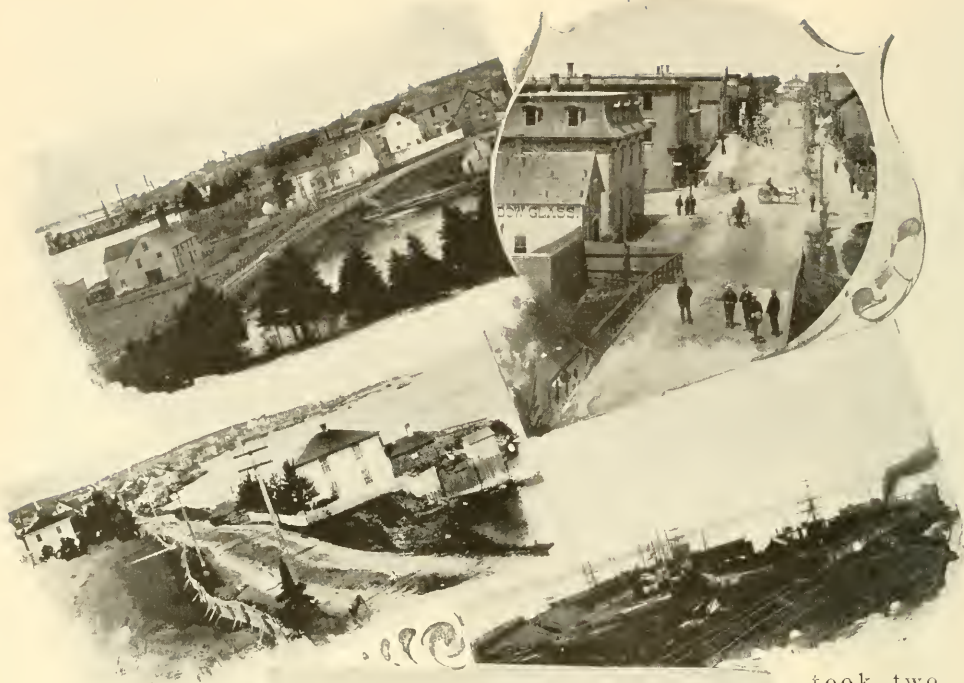
Its capture by the undisciplined New England farmers, commanded by William Pepperal, a merchant ignorant of the art

of war, is one of the most extraordinary events in the annals of history. The zealous crusaders set forth upon a task, of the difficulties of which they had no conception, and they gained a triumph which should make their names as immortal as those of the 'noble six hundred.' It was a feat without a parallel—a marvel among the most marvellous deeds which man has dared to do.

Restored to France by the peace of Aix la Chapelle, Louisburg



"The camps of the Miqmaq Indians, where birch bark canoes are made by the squaws."



was once again the stronghold of France on the Atlantic coast, and French veterans held Cape Breton, the key to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The brief truce was soon broken, and then came the armies of England, and General Wolfe sought and won his first laurels in the new world. Louisburg fell once more and the knell of its glory was rung. The conquest of Canada achieved, the edict went forth that Louisburg should be destroyed. The work of demolition was begun. The solid buildings, formed of stone brought from France, were torn to pieces; the walls were pulled down, and the batteries rendered useless for all time. It



"Sydney is the tip-end town on the North American Continent."

took two years to complete the destruction, and then the once proud fortress was a shapeless ruin. Years passed by; the stones were carried away by the dwellers along the coast and

put to peaceful uses; and the hand of time was left to finish the work of obliteration. Time has been more merciful than man; it has covered the gloomy ruin with a mantle of green and has healed the gaping wounds which once rendered ghastly the land that nature made so fair. The surges of the Atlantic sound mournfully upon the shore—the requiem of Louisburg, the city made desolate."

The modern Louisburg, a place of 1,000 inhabitants, takes on quite a little commercial importance. It's fine, deep water harbor opens directly out on the Atlantic, and many boats engaged in fishing on the banks off Newfoundland call it their home port. One of the



"The building in which one of the transatlantic cables ends at North Sydney."





"The rugged promontories of Cape Breton which withstand the savage poundings of the North Atlantic."

sights of the place is the handsome monument dedicated last year to commemorate its capture by Capt. Pepperell and his New England yeomen. A project which has been talked of, off and on for years, is to make Louisburg a port of call for transatlantic steamships, so that passengers could save time, and a thousand miles of ocean voyaging by taking, or leaving the steamers here. Any one having faith in the materialization of this scheme, can at present secure corner lots in Louisburg at figures which will allow of considerable rise.

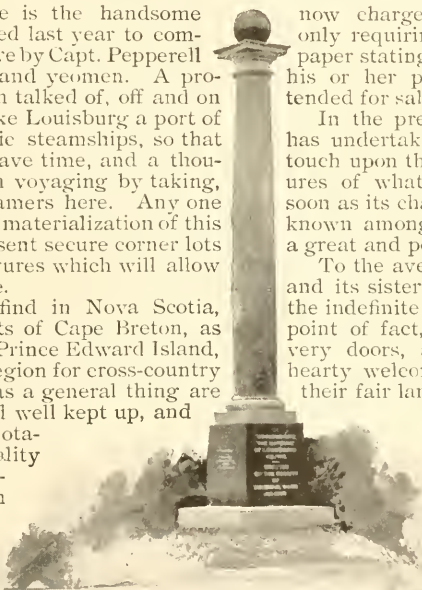
Bicyclists will find in Nova Scotia, and in many parts of Cape Breton, as well as throughout Prince Edward Island, a most delightful region for cross-country runs. The roads as a general thing are free from sand, and well kept up, and as the people are notable for their hospitality and free-heartedness, the wheelman

now charges no duty on wheels; only requiring the owner to sign a paper stating that the bicycle is for his or her personal use and not intended for sale.

In the preceding pages the writer has undertaken, in a modest way, to touch upon the most interesting features of what is destined to be, as soon as its charms are more generally known among the travelling public, a great and popular vacation region.

To the average mind, Nova Scotia and its sister provinces are located in the indefinite somewhere, and yet, in point of fact, they are almost at our very doors, and their people bid a hearty welcome to all who come to their fair land.

Through the enterprise of the Plant Steamship Line, one may walk the streets of Boston to-day, and to-morrow be in Halifax among novel scenes, and in a country as foreign in all its mannerisms and customs as instead of just beyond the threshold of the United States. A summer's tour to Acadia will long be a happy memory to all who make it, and if the journey thence be upon one of the steamships of the Plant Line, which are furnished and finished with everything to make a sea trip upon them enjoyable, it will have an added pleasure.



as well as the wheelwoman, is sure of a graceful welcome at any of the thousands



"Louisburg, now a sleepy fishing town, was once the most strongly fortified spot in North America."

# SUMMER TOURS IN ACADIA,

By the Plant Line to Halifax and Charlottetown.

**No. 1.—Halifax.**—Boston to Halifax by the Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Line. Return by the same route.

**No. 2.—Hawkesbury and Charlottetown.**—Boston to Hawkesbury or Charlottetown by the Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Line. Return by the same route.

**No. 3.—Halifax and St. John.**—Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Line to Halifax; Intercolonial Railway to St. John, N. B.; Canadian Pacific Railway to Vanceboro; Maine Central R. R. to Portland; Boston & Maine R. R. to Boston.

**No. 4.**—Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Line to Halifax; Intercolonial Railway to St. John, N. B.; International S. S. Co. to Boston.

**No. 5.—Through the Land of Evangeline.**—Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Line to Halifax; Dom. Atlantic Railway to Digby; Returning to Boston via Halifax over same route.

**No. 6.—The Three Provinces.**—Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Line to Charlottetown; P. E. I. Railway to Summerside; Charlottetown Navigation Co. to Point du Chene; Intercolonial Railway to Halifax, Canada Atlantic and Plant Line to Boston.

**No. 7.—The Bras d'Or Lakes.**—Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Line to Halifax; Intercolonial Railway to Sydney; Bras d'Or Navigation Company to Mulgrave; Intercolonial Ry to Halifax; Canada Atlantic and Plant Line to Boston.

**No. 8.**—Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Line to Hawkesbury; transfer; Intercolonial Railway to Sydney; Bras d'Or Navigation Company to Hawkesbury; Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship line to Boston.

**No. 9.**—Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Line to Hawkesbury; Bras d'Or Navigation Company to Sydney; Intercolonial Railway to Halifax; Canada Atlantic and Plant Line to Boston.

**No. 10.**—Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Line to Halifax; Intercolonial Railway to Mulgrave; Bras d'Or Navigation Company to Sydney; Intercolonial Railway to Hawkesbury; transfer; Canada Atlantic and Plant Line to Boston.

**No. 11.—To the Upper Provinces.**—Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Line to Halifax; Intercolonial Railway to Point Levis; ferry to Quebec; Grand Trunk Railway or R. & O. Navigation Company steamer to Montreal; rail lines to Boston.

**No. 12.—Comprehensive and Grand.**—Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Line to Halifax; Intercolonial Railway or Bras d'Or Navigation Company to Sydney; Intercolonial Railway to Point Levis; ferry to Quebec; Grand Trunk Railway or R. & O. Navigation Company steamer to Montreal; rail lines to Boston.

This is one of the grandest and most comprehensive summer vacation trips available by the tourist.

**No. 13.—Historic Quebec.**—Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Line to Charlottetown; P. E. I. Railway to Summerside; Quebec Steamship Company to Quebec; Grand Trunk Railway or R. & O. Navigation Company steamer to Montreal; rail lines to Boston (Meals and berth on Quebec S. S. Company's steamer, \$5.50 extra).

**No. 14.—Beautiful Montreal.**—Canada Atlantic and Plant Steamship Line to Charlottetown; P. E. I. Railway to Summerside; Charlottetown Navigation Company to Point du Chene; Intercolonial Railway to Point Levis; ferry to Quebec; Grand Trunk Railway or R. & O. Navigation Company steamer to Montreal; rail lines to Boston.

## OTHER TOURS.

Persons desirous of going to other points and by other routes not indicated in the foregoing will be given figures on application to the agents at Boston or Halifax.

Rates for above tours on application to agents.

## GENERAL INFORMATION

*Relative to Local Rates of Passage, Meals on Steamers, Prices of Staterooms.*

### HALIFAX SERVICE.

RATES OF FARE BETWEEN BOSTON AND HALIFAX, IN EITHER DIRECTION: . . . .

First-Class, one way, including berth in cabin (meals and stateroom berths extra,) \$ 7 00

First-Class, excursion, including berth in cabin " " " 12 00

Berths in staterooms, sold only to passengers holding first-class or excursion tickets: \$1 50, \$2 00, \$2 50, \$3 00 each, according to size and location of rooms. Two berths in each room.

Meals:—Dinner, 75 cts. Breakfast or Supper, 50 cts.

### CHARLOTTETOWN SERVICE.

RATES OF FARE BETWEEN BOSTON AND HAWKESBURY.

First-Class, one way, including berth in cabin (meals and stateroom berths extra,) \$ 8 50

First-Class, excursion, including berth in cabin " " " 15 00

RATES OF FARE BETWEEN BOSTON AND CHARLOTTETOWN.

First-Class, one way, including berth in cabin (meals and stateroom berths extra,) \$ 9 00

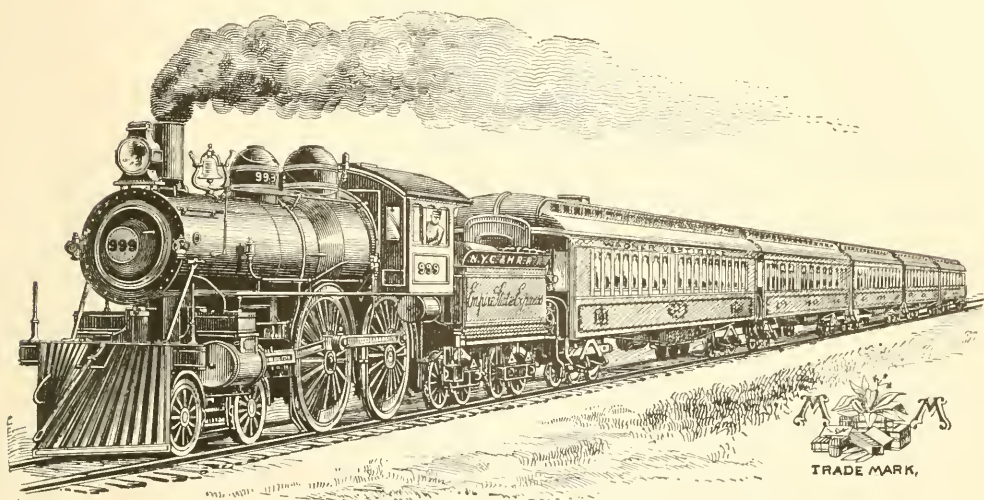
First-Class, excursion, including berth in cabin " " " 16 00

Berths in stateroom, \$2 00 each; two berths in each room. Limited-number family rooms, accommodating three persons, \$5 00 each.

Meals: Dinner, 75 cts. Breakfast or Supper, 50 cts.

# THE “EXPOSITION FLYER”

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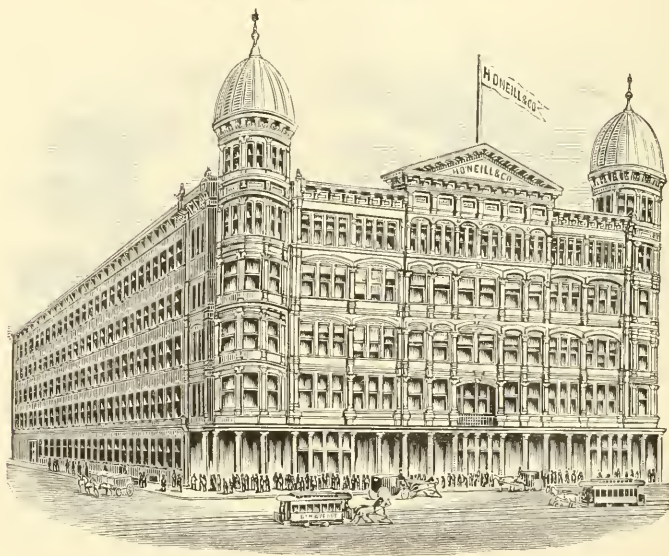


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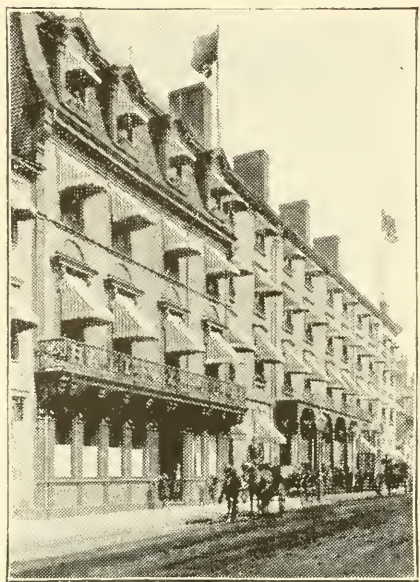
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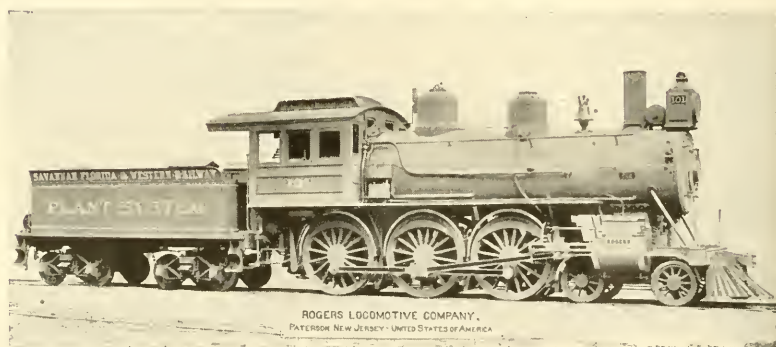
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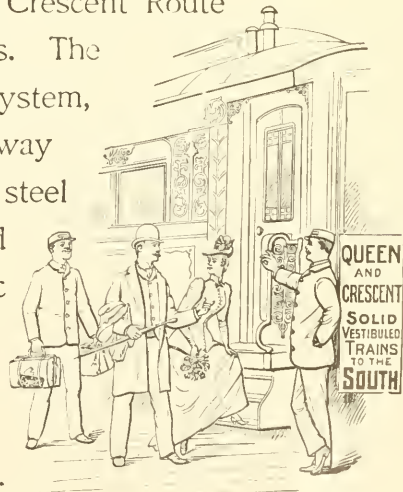


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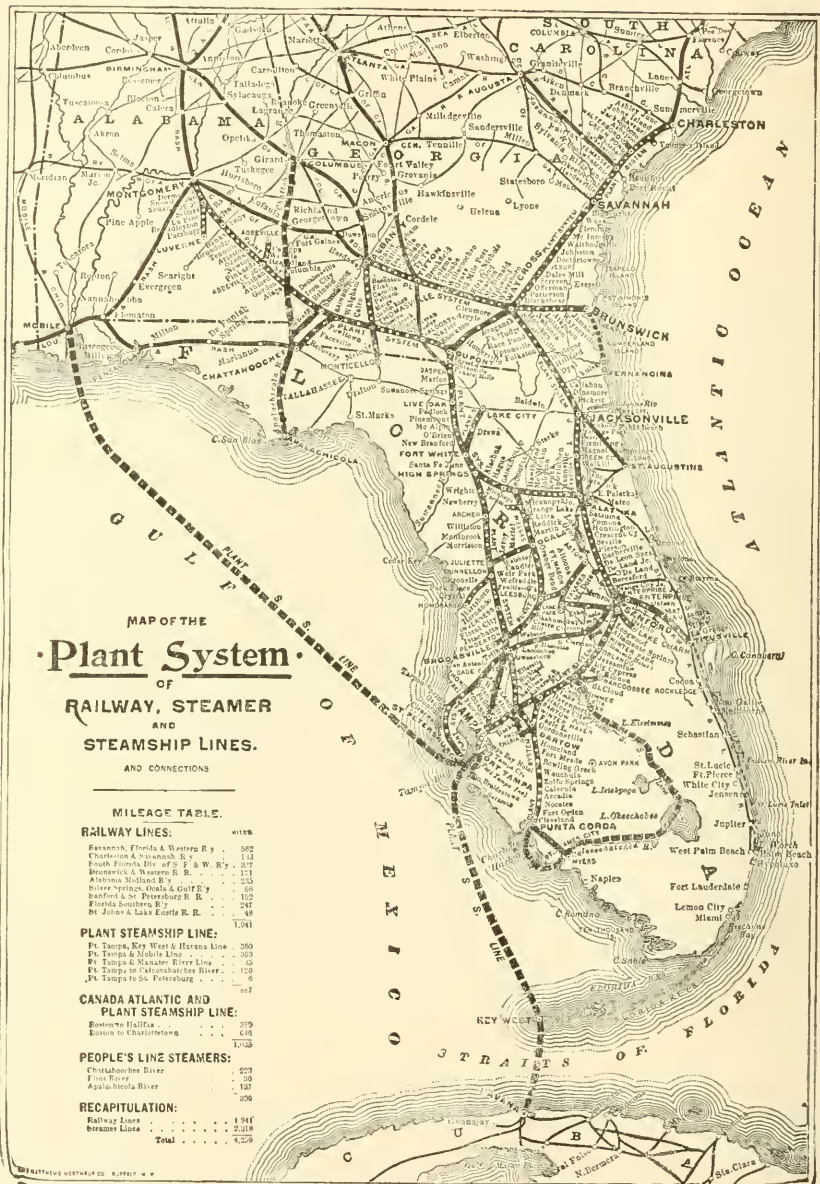


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